

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrased of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all thei quantitie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. S' wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a *Crocodile*?

Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindring his pate against the burning Zone

Make

Prince of Denmark

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou
Ilerant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are di
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vse me
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he ma
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wai
Strengthen your patience in our last
Weele put the matter to the presen
Good *Gertrayd* set some watch ouer
This graue shall haue a liuing mon
An houre of quiet thereby shall we
Tell then in patience our proceeding

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. So much for this fir, now
You doe remember all the circum

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a
That would not let me sleepe, my
Worse then the mutines in the bil
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let v
Our indiscretion sometime serues
When our deepe plots doe fall, &
Ther's a diuinity that shapeth our
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in
Gropt I to find out them, had my
Fingard their packet, and in fine
To mine owne roome againe, m

N.